

I, Geronimo Stilton, have a lot of mouse friends, but none as spooky as my friend CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR! She is an enchanting and MYSTERIOUS mouse with a pet bat named Bitewing. Creepella lives in a CEMETERY, sleeps in a marble sarcophagus, and drives a hearse. By night she is a special effects and set designer for SCARY FILMS, and by day she's studying to become a journalist! Her father, Boris von Cacklefur, runs the funeral home Fabumouse Funerals, and the von Cacklefur family owns the CREEPY Cacklefur Castle, which sits on top of a skull-shaped mountain in MYSTERIOUS VALLEY.

YIKES! I'm a real 'fraidy mouse, but even I think Creepella and her family are ANDEULLY fascinating.
I can't wait for you to read this fa-mouse-ly funny and SPECTACULARLY SPOOKY tale!

Geronimo Stilton



Booey the Poltergeist

The mischievous ghost who haunts Cacklefur Castle.

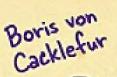
Chef Stewrat



The cook at Cacklefur Castle. He dreams of creating the ultimate stew.



The butler to the von Cacklefur family, and a snob right down to the tips of his whiskers.





Creepella's father, and the funeral director at Fabumouse Funerals.



He was adopted and raised with love by the von Cacklefurs.



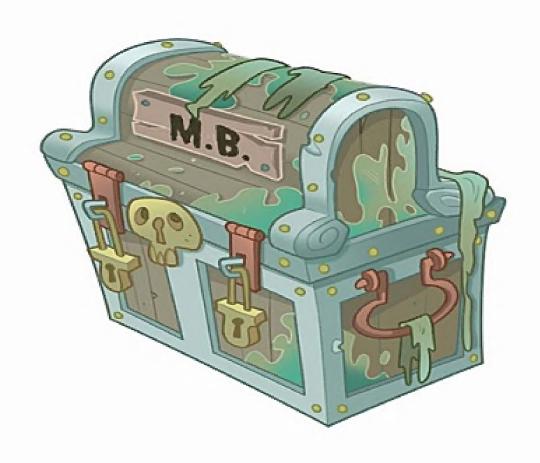
The family housekeeper. A ferocious were-canary nests in her hair.



The von Cacklefur family's meat-eating guard plant.

Geronimo Stilton

CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR



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Text by Geronimo Stilton Original title Il tesoro del pirata fantasma

Cover by Giuseppe Ferrario Illustrations by Ivan Bigarella (pencils and inks) and Giulia Zaffaroni (color)

www.stiltoncheese.com.

Graphics by Yuko Egusa

www.geronimostilton.com

Special thanks to Tracey West Translated by Lidia Morson Tramontozzi Interior design by Elizabeth Frances Herzog

First printing, February 2012



A PACKAGE . . . FROM THE SKY!

The streets in New Mouse City were dark and quiet when the clock struck midnight. Every mouse was **snoring** in bed, dreaming of cheese sandwiches. Almost every window in the city was shrouded in darkness. Only one light burned that night:

\textsquare
\tex

Oops! I almost forgot to tell you who I am. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famouse newspaper on Mouse Island.

My light was on because I was working late at the office on an **important** article. The subject matter of the article was making me a little nervous. Why? I'll tell you



the headline: **New Mouse City's Greatest Criminals**.

You see, I'm not the kind of mouse who's courageous. Even the names of those mean rats scare me silly. In fact, my tail goes limp when I just look at them: Barry Badguy, Roy the Rat Burglar, and Gary Gangster . . . YIKES!

I felt faint, so I opened the window to get some air. A gust of WIND cooled me off, and I lovingly looked down on my sleeping city.

Then I noticed dark clouds moving across the sky. The air became cold. Without warning, poured down from above.







I watched the rain fall, lost in thought, when suddenly . . .

BANG!

A package fell from the sky. I let out a frightened scream, held out my paws, and caught the package.

Then I looked up to see who had dropped it and saw two tiny bat wings zigzagging away through the raindrops.



It was Bitewing, Creepella von Cacklefur's bat! I closed the window and opened the coffin-shaped package. Inside were a NOTEBOOK, and a moldy piece of



CHESE that stunk like a sweaty sock after a football game! The note read:

To my little cheese muffin,

Geronimo:

Here's my new adventure.

Publish it immediately!

I'm also sending you a delicious piece of

four-hundred-year-old cheese.

Happy snacking!

I was insulted. She expected me to eat a piece of cheese that was four centuries old? That The stuff is unsafe to eat, unless you're a mummified mouse. Then again, I could always add it to my collection of antique cheese rinds.

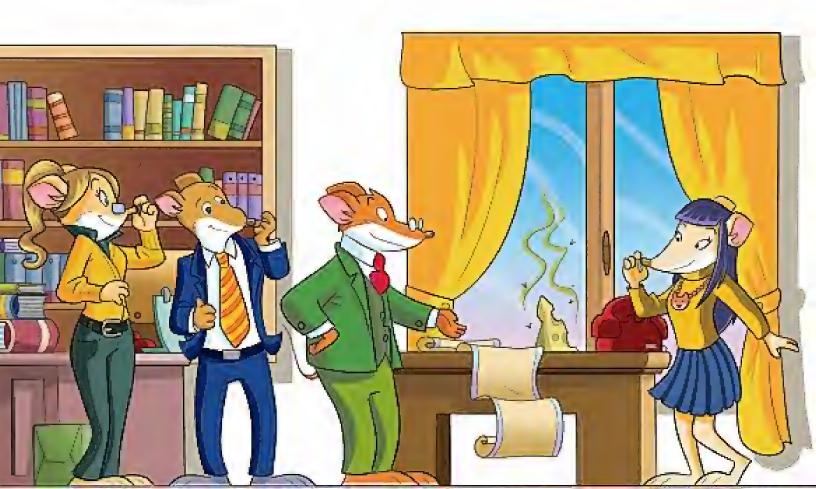




I put the **PutRiD** cheese aside and picked up the notebook, which smelled just like the cheese. Even so, I kept reading until the sun came up.

It has an Arthus stench, but . . . , I mused to myself.

My sister, Thea, a special correspondent at *The Rodent's Gazette*, interrupted my thoughts.





"What's that awful smell?" she squealed, walking into my office.

I gave her the notebook and she read the story.

"The notebook has a dreadful smell, but it's a **beautiful** story!" she said with admiration.

My nephew Benjamin and his friend Bugsy Wugsy read it next.

"It has a dreadful smell, but it's a **beautiful** story!" they both said.





My coworkers read it while pinching their noses.

"It has a dreadful smell, but it's a beautiful story!" they all agreed.

When my cousin Trap entered the office,

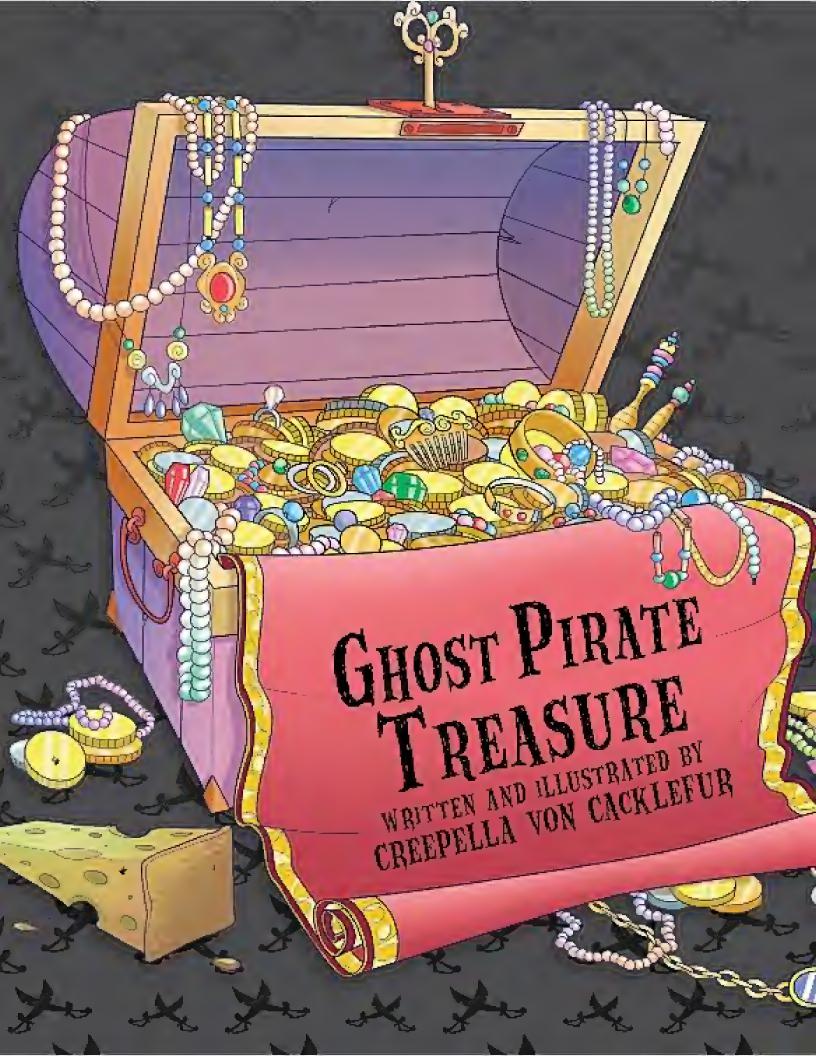
he sniffed the air.

"What a **DELIGHTFUL** smell!" he exclaimed. Then he picked up the piece of cheese on my desk and ate it in one gulp!

I think his stomach must be

made of IRON.

Since everyone liked the story, I decided to publish Creepella's book. It is titled **GHOST PIRATE TREASURE**. You're holding it in your hot little paws right now. The only thing left for you to do is read it. I hope you like it as much as Trap enjoyed that **stinky** cheese!





Billy Squeakspeare was having another restless night. Every time he was about to doze off, one of the thirteen ghosts of Squeakspeare Mansion would burst in with some RIDICULOUS excuse.

At midnight, Miss Dustmop, the ghost housekeeper, threw open the door.

"This room needs a little extra **DySt**. I'll take care of it!" she said happily.

A moment later, Bob Woodmouse, the ghost CARPENTER, floated in.

"This isn't deep enough," he said, opening a desk drawer. "I'll make it deeper."



Between two and three o'clock, Dreamella

Airhead, the ghost maid, came in and went out at least ten times.

"I can't find my **GLASSES**. They must be here somewhere," she said.

She finally found them under Billy's pillow.

Then, at three, Ted Trimmertail, the ghost gardener, decided to WATER the moss that grew under the night table.

At four o'clock, Arf, the ghost dog, jumped on Billy's bed and licked his face. Billy was almost always grateful for Arf's attention, but not in the middle of the night.

"Thank you, Arf, thank you," he said with a yawn. "Now let me sleep!"

Arf seemed to understand. He curled up at the foot of the bed, closed his eyes, and began to doze off. A minute later, he raised

his head and perked up his ears.

"GRRRRRRRR!" he growled. He was facing the yard.

Billy tried to calm him down. "Be a good boy, Arf," he said. "There's nobody there. Nobody!"

But Arf ran to the window. He barked and barked and barked.

Woof! Woodoooooo!

Billy got up and looked out the window. In the darkness of the night, the yard seemed peaceful and quiet. He went back to bed, but . . .

Woof! Woof! Woooooooo!

"Arf, please be quiet!" Billy pleaded. In desperation, he tossed some items in Arf's direction to get his attention:

• a copy of BLUE CHEESE

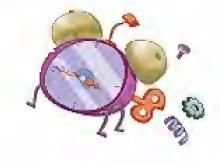
AND A BLUE HEART, the

new book he was writing;





- an old, raggedy \$LiPPeR;
- an alarm clock;



· a Smally sock.

But Arf just kept **PARKING** and **PARKING**. Billy put a pillow over his ears and tried to sleep.

Finally, the first timid rays of sunlight appeared over the tops of the Mountains of

the Mangy Yeti, jumped onto the Rancidrat River, and bounced into Billy's bedroom.

Billy sighed with relief. "It's about time!" he exclaimed. "Now my hosts can all go to sleep. Even the dog!"

Billy Snuggled under the covers, hoping to get just a few hours of sleep. He scratched his nose, closed his eyes, and was about to drift off when . . .

vroom! Vroom! Vroooooom!

He sat up, listening. Outside, an engine was starting, stopping, and then starting again.

"Who would be here so early?" Billy asked himself worriedly.

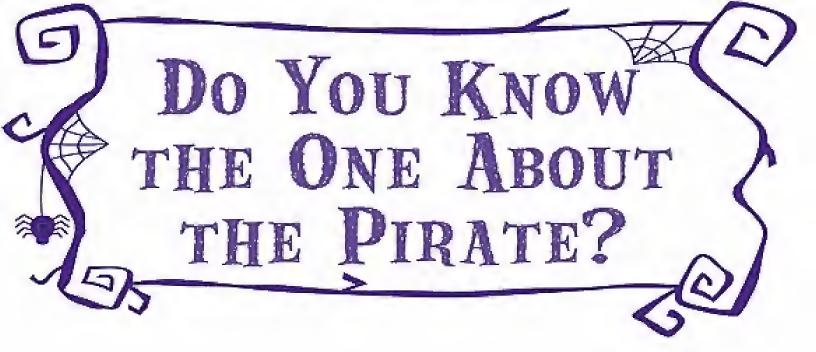
He went to the window to see who was driving to his house at the crack of dawn. Instead, he saw a yard full of **HOLES**!

"Wh-wh-what?" he stammered.

Someone had dug big, deep HOLLS all over his yard! The lawn looked like an enormouse piece of SWISS Cheese. Billy scratched his head.







Dawn finally came and a tomblike SILENCE filled the mansion. The thirteen ghosts who lived there slept deeply during the day, just like any respectable ghost would. They had to recover from the HARD WORK they did at night.

Normally, Billy would be resting during those peaceful hours, too. But not that morning. Even though he was very tired, he couldn't stop twisting and in bed. He was wondering about the holes that had suddenly appeared in his yard.

Even counting the mansion's many **BATS** didn't help him fall

asleep.

"I can't figure it out!" he blurted at bat number

1,264. "Maybe Uncle William can come up with an explanation."

Billy got dressed and walked down the hall. It was as quiet as an EMPTY tomb and as cold as the breath of the Abominable Snowrat. He got to the door of the boiler room and found it closed. A WARNING sign was nailed to the door.



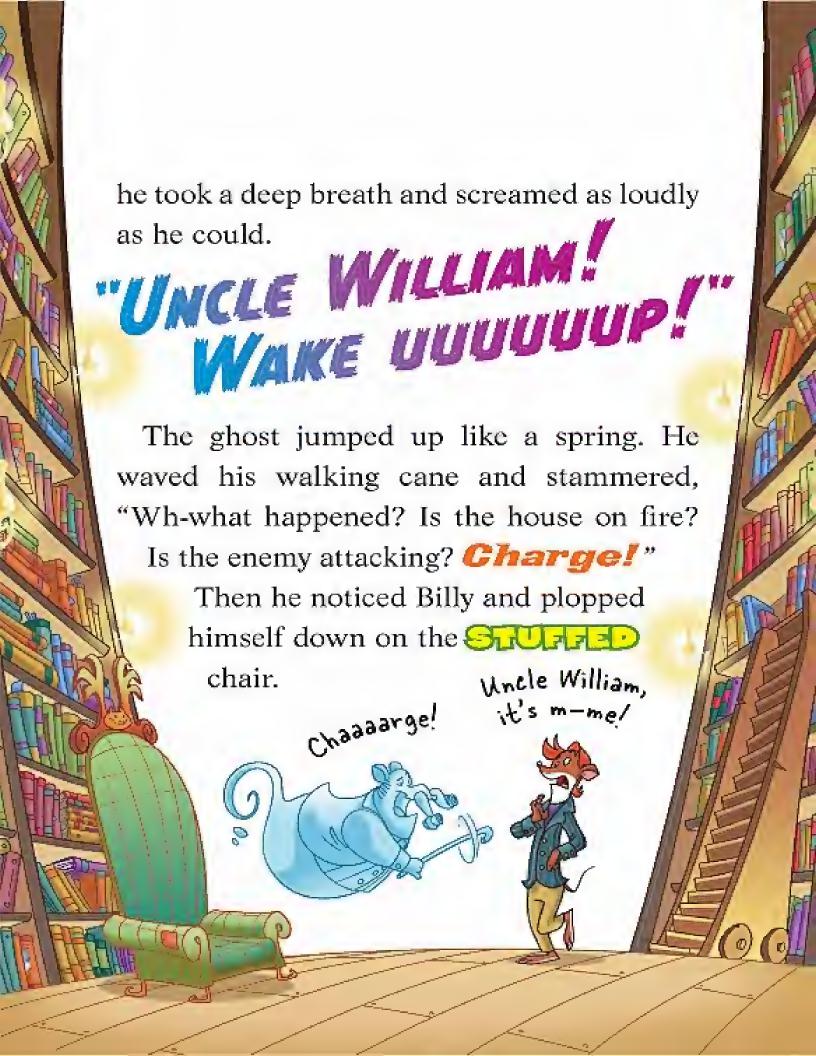
Billy stopped, unsure. Finally, he gathered his **COUPAGE** and entered the kingdom of his great-great-great-uncle *William Lqueakspeare*. He found himself in a **COUOC** room with wall-to-wall bookcases filled with very **OLD** books.

His uncle was sound asleep in an old stuffed chair. His long whiskers were rolled up in curlers. Billy gently tried to wake him.

"U-Uncle William, w-w-wake up. S-something really **W-WEIRD** has happened."

happened."

But his uncle kept sleeping. Billy tried tickling his whiskers, but it didn't work. Finally,



"What happened, Nephew? Why did you disturb my sleep?" he asked.

"S-someone dug a l-lot of HOLES in our yard last n-n-night," Billy stuttered.

Uncle William looked puzzled. He thought for a bit and then his face LIT UP.

"I've got it!" he cried. "They were probably looking for the treasure!"

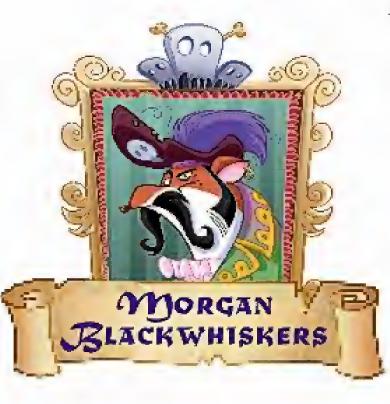
Billy's whiskers trembled with excitement. "Treasure? Why would anyone 1-1-look for

t-t-treasure in our 4ARD?"

Uncle William yawned.

"You really don't know much, do you, Nephew?

Don't you know the LEGEND of Morgan Blackwhiskers, the pirate who stayed at our house and left us a treasure?"



"What?" Billy asked in disbelief.

His uncle nodded. As he continued his story, his eyes grew FEAVE with

sleep. "If the gossips in Mysterious

Valley were right, the pirate

Blackwhiskers was a good friend to your greatgreat-great-grandmother Lady Squeakspeare. That was

four hundred years ago,

more or less."

"Lady Squeakspeare?"

Billy asked.

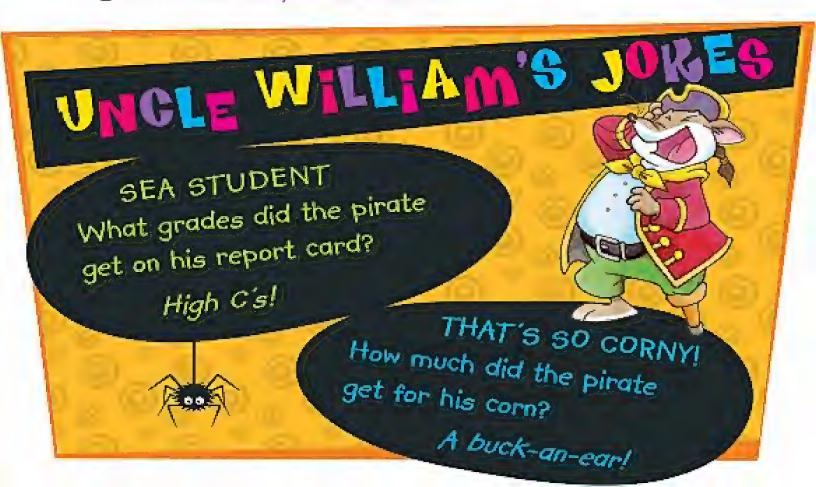
"Yes," his uncle replied, "but no one has ever found even a trace of the famouse treasure. And that's all I will tell you now, Nephew. It is time to SIEEP. But before I drift off, let me tell you some JOKES. Do you know the one about . . ."

Lady ^V Squeakspeare

He told a few jokes, but soon he fell into a DEEP sleep—as deep as a pot of cheese fondue.

Billy quietly slipped out of the room and gently shut the door. "Sweet dreams, Uncle!" he whispered.

"There's a real mystery afoot!" he exclaimed, scratching his nose. "And I know just the mouse who can help me solve it. I've got to call **CREEPELLA!**"





"A layer of moldy-MOSS face powder . . . a light touch of snail-slime lip gloss . . . perfect! Just the right stuff to start the day."

Creepella von Cacklefur grinned at her reflection in the mirror as she got ready for work. She had a busy day ahead of her, interviewing a team of horror-movie makeup artists. She couldn't leave the house until her fur was the perfect pale shade of a MUMMY.

As she applied one last touch of shimmering caterpillar drool to her cheeks, her **GEUU**PHONE rang.

"Hi, Creepella, it's B-B-Billy. Th-there's s-something worrying me."

"Dearest Billy-Willy, don't you worry," Creepella said.

"Why n-n-not?" Billy asked.

"Because your sweet Creepella has everything under control," she replied TRIUMPHANTLY.

"A-already?"

"Of course!" Creepella told him. "And they are splendidly horrid!"

"Well, that's good, then," Billy said, then stopped. "What are you t-talking about?"

"Why, I'm talking about our marvelous of sturnes, of course!" she said.

"C-costumes?" repeated Billy, baffled.

"Exactly! Costumes!" Creepella cried. "Lady Needletail did a fabumouse job!

For my rotted-flower costume, we had quite a discussion on the position of the petals. But your costume—"

"M-my costume?" Billy interrupted.

"Your costume is perfect," Creepella assured him. "You'll look great . . ."

"Wh-what?"

". . . dressed as a GARBAGE CAN!" she finished. "Wasn't that a truly DISCUSTING idea?"

"What are you talking about?" What did you say? exclaimed a shocked Billy.

"What do you mean?"
Creepella replied. "Didn't I
tell you, dearest Billy? I asked
the most fashionable designer in
Mysterious Valley to have our
costumes ready for tonight's

PALL!"



"G-grand ball? Tonight?"

"Billy! Do I have to explain everything to you?" Creepella said with a sigh. "Today is the annual **Festival of Melancholy**, when all of Mysterious Valley celebrates the gloomiest day of the year. We'll start with a **SUPPER** here at the castle and then go to the academy for the **MELANCE OF** "TAND BALL."

"I d-don't know anything about it!" Billy insisted.

"RATS and BATS, Billy! Do you really want me to lose my patience?" Creepella snapped. "We all got our invitations weeks ago!"

Suddenly, Billy remembered. He searched furiously in his desk drawer and took out a very ELEGANT purple card.



He had completely forgotten about it probably because he didn't like parties much.

"Creepella, I don't think it's such a g-good idea," he **stammered**. "I'm not a g-good dancer."

"Nonsense! Don't say suche FOOLISH things!" Creepella scolded. "There is no excuse to miss the MALL!"

Billy sighed. He knew he would never be able to change Creepella's mind.

"Fine, I'll come," he answered. "But before I do, you have to help me solve a mystery."

Creepella adored a good mystery. Her bright Siee eves shone at the mention of the word.

"What is this mystery about, dearest Billy-Willy?" she asked eagerly.

"This morning I found the mansion's yard full of 聞⑥៤億⑤!" Billy explained. "Uncle William says that someone is looking for Morgan Blackwhiskers's treasure."

"Morgan Blackwhiskers! The most famouse pirate in Mysterious Valley?"

"That's the one!" Billy answered. "It seems he was a guest at Squeakspeare Mansion long ago."

"Billy, this sounds like an Anti-Sounds mystery!" exclaimed Creepella. "We'll figure out who dug those holes . . . and with a little

bit of luck, we'll also find the treasure!"

"Thanks, Creepella!" Billy said with relief.

"I knew I could count on you."

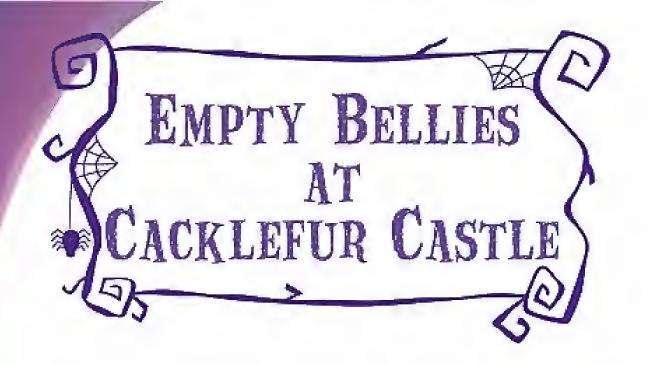
Creepella ended the call and happily clapped her hands.

"This will be an absolutely spine-chilling horror story!" she cried. She turned to her pet bat, Bitewing, who was flying around her head.

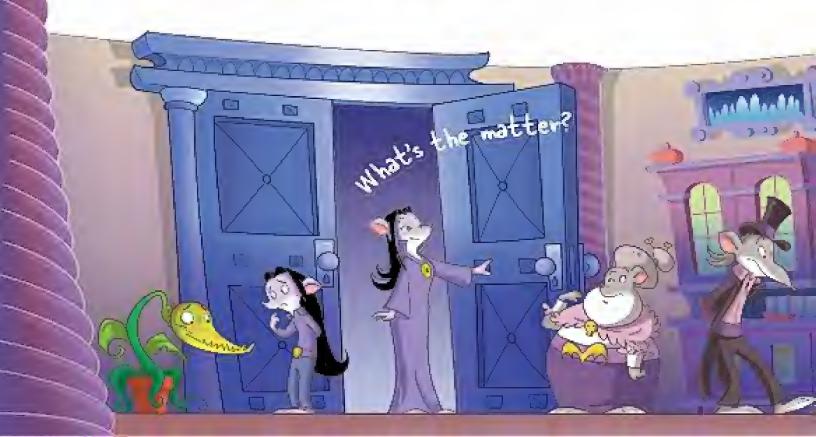
"Bitewing, get ready! After breakfast,

we need to solve a mystery!"





Creepella entered the dining room and found her whole family there. She quickly noticed that something very weird was going on. The stranger than usual.



Her father, Boris, was pacing back and forth, mumbling. Poor Baby looked like he was going to GRY as he bounced on Madame LaTomb's knee. Chompers, the meat-eating plant, looked limp and weak. Creepella's niece Shivereen had an EMPTY look on her face. And the twins, Snip and Snap, weren't playing any tricks as usual. Instead, they looked SAD.



"What's the matter?" asked Creepella.

"It's a **TRAGETY!**" Grandma Crypt answered. "Chef Stewrat didn't make the stew for breakfast!"

Creepella was shocked. Chef Stewrat served the same thing at every meal: a big pot of stew made from ingredients that only the von Cacklefurs could appreciate (and digest)!

Chef Stewrat **BURS** into the room. "I'M **RUINED!**" he cried. "My cooking career is over! Tonight everyone is supposed to prepare something special for the **DILLIEUT GRADD BALL**. But I just can't do it!"

"I'm covering the furniture with silver COBWEBS," interrupted Grandma Crypt.

"We have trick candles for the Melancholy Cake," said Snip and Snap.

Boris nodded. "I've composed a poem called

park and Dreary Tombs

to be read before dinner," he said.

"Dinner! That's my problem!" exclaimed Chef Stewrat. "You see, I want to make an extra-SPECIAL stew for the dinner tonight."

"I think that's an EXCELLENT idea," Creepella said encouragingly.

"Yes, but to make a SPECIAL stew, I need an extra-SPECIAL ingredient," whined Chef Stewrat. "I have tried everything, but nothing is working. If I can't make a SPECIAL stew, I'm sunk."

He handed Creepella a piece of oil-stained paper.



Creepella tried to **GHEER** him up.

"Don't worry, Chef Stewrat.

I'll find you the right ingredient," she said.

"Really?" he asked, wiping a **TEAR** from his eye.

"Of course!" she replied. "In the meantime, why don't you make us a DELICIOUSLY



DISGUSTING breakfast stew?

We von Cacklefurs can't live without it!"

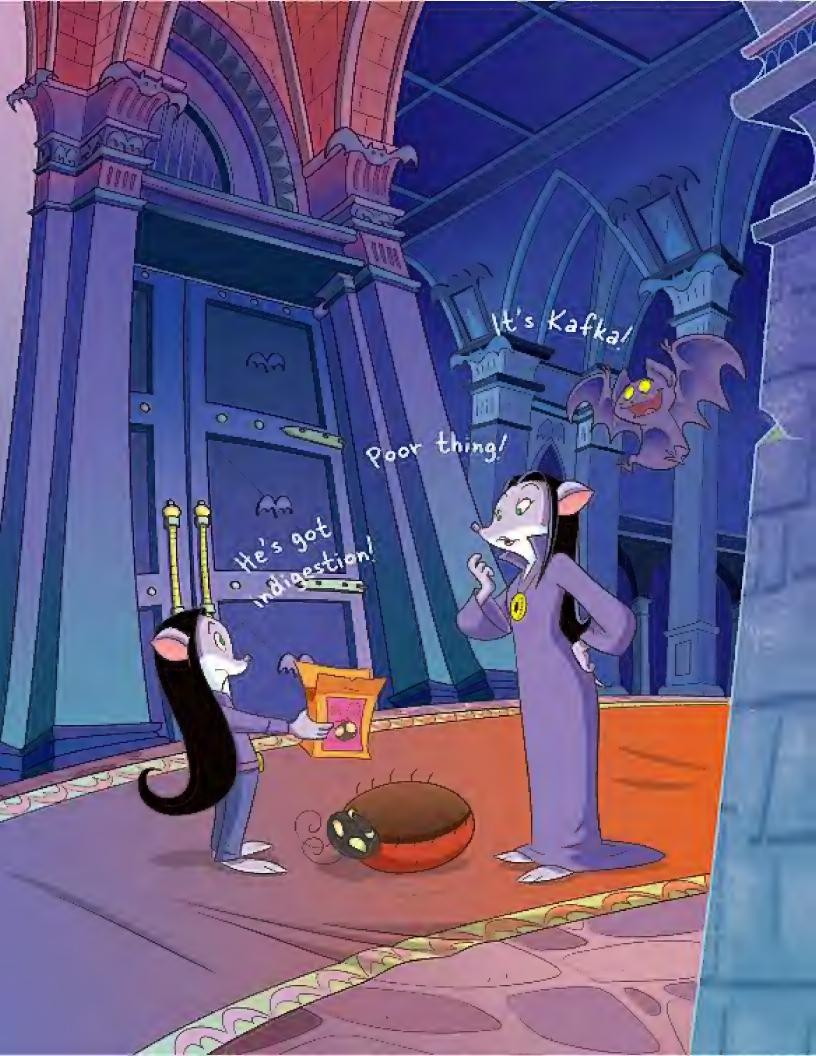


Creepella had to hurry, or she would be late for her meeting with Billy. She RAN to the door but bumped into something in the hallway.

"Who left a collows in the middle of the hall?" she asked.

"That's not a pillow," said Shivereen. "It's It's!"

The von Cacklefur family's pet cockroach lay on its back on the floor with its legs in the air. Its tummy was so SUCLEN it looked like a feather-stuffed pillow.



Creepella knelt down next to the cockroach. "Poor Kafka. What's wrong?"

"He's got MDIGESTION," Shivereen explained. She held up a box with the words



on it. "I wanted to give him a treat, but he gobbled the whole box in one bite!"

Creepella shook her head. "You've got such a **SWeet TOOTL**, Kafka! Get up and get moving and you'll feel better soon."

Moments later they were all in Creepella's Turbore 2000, zooming toward Billy's mansion. They found him in the yard, surrounded by holes.

Kafka crawled around, sniffing. Shivereen

started snapping PHOTOS. Creepella examined the holes as Bitewing flew around her head.

"Very interesting," she remarked. "They look like they were **DUG** by a professional." "Wh-what makes you say that?" Billy asked.

"I took a class on mysterious wells, holes, and tunnels at the Shivery Arts Academy," Creepella explained. "The holes are all the same size, and the ROCKS are piled neatly beside each other. That's the mark of a real pro."

"Could the digger be d-d-dangerous?" Billy asked, his whiskers trembling.

"Of course!" teased Bitewing.

Creepella decided to have a little fun with her friend Billy.





"You are in graaaaave daaaaanger"

she said in a spooky voice.

"D-d-danger?" Billy looked faint.

"Just kidding!" Creepella said. "This night digger is MYSTERIOUS, that's all. Now come with me!"

"Where are we g-g-going?" whispered Billy.

"To the Shivery Arts Academy!" she replied. "Somebody must be looking for **Morgan Blackwhiskers's** treasure. If we want to beat him to it, we've got to learn more about the treasure. And I know exactly who can help us!"

"Auntie, maybe I should stay here with Kafka," Shivereen piped up. "He doesn't look well." Kafka was on his back again, groaning with a Turn way acres.

"Good idea, but loan me your camera," Creepella said. "Those PHOTOS you took might be helpful."

Then Creepella, Billy, and Bitewing pod in the purple hearse.

What nobody knew, however, was that some spies behind a bush were **WATCHING** their every move. . . .





Creepella's car SCREECHED to a stop in front of the SHIVERY ARTS ACADEMY.

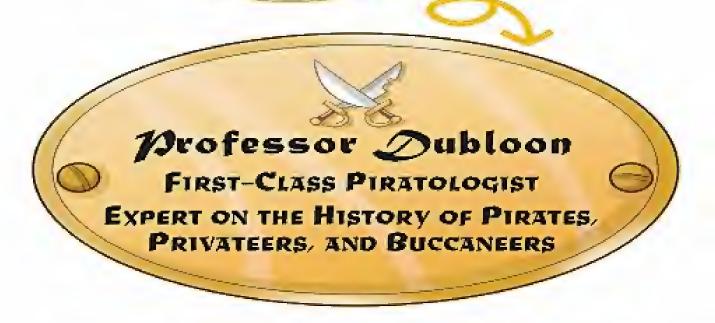
"The first stop is Professor Dubloon's office!" she exclaimed.

"Who's th-that?" asked Billy timidly.

"He teaches pirate fistory," explained Creepella. "He's an expert on just about everything there is to know about the pirates who sailed the seas."



Excited, Creepella grabbed Billy by the paw and *DRAGGED* him through the halls of the academy. Finally, they stopped at a door with a **PLAQUE** on the front.



Creepella was about to knock on the door when it opened by itself. A friendly-looking face with a black patch over one eye peeked out.

"Are you here already?" asked the old rodent. He lifted his strange-looking HAT in greeting. "I didn't expect you so soon!"

"Y-you were waiting for us?" asked Billy.

"Of course!" Dubloon replied. "It's not every day that one gets to meet such an important pair of scholars."

"Sch-scholars? What do you m-mean?" Billy asked Suspiciously.

Dubloon frowned. "Aren't you the Syllable Sisters, the famouse interpreters of pirate language?"

"Professor, you're such a KIDDER!"

laughed Creepella.

"Trumpeting treasures! I know that voice. It's Creepella!" the

professor exclaimed, lifting

his eye patch. Then he ran

toward Billy.

"Actually, you do look a little **DĨFFĒR∘ĒN**T," Dubloon said. "Th-that's Creepella," Billy said, pointing.

"Of course!" the professor exclaimed, turning to Creepella. He winked at her. "Then who is this less glamorous friend of yours?"

"That's Billy Squeakspeare, the writer!" Bitewing piped up.

Professor Dubloon looked **EXCITED**. "Wondrous whales! A writer! He's brought me an awesome pirate's **DIME**, hasn't he?"

"Actually, we're here because we need to learn about the pirate **Morgan Blackwhiskers**," Creepella explained. "It seems he hid his **treasure** in my friend's yard years ago. Do you know anything about it?"

"Hmm, let's see," he replied. "Blackwhiskers, you say?"

Creepella and Billy followed the professor into his office. Strange OLD OBJECTS crowded the bookshelves. A Yellowed sheet of paper was pinned to the wall.

OFFICE INVENTORY 24 encyclopedias about piracy

- 12 essays about pirate raids, attacks, and abandoned ships
- 117 ships' diaries of famouse pirates
- 113 old flags from pirate ships
- 44 maps of treasures found by others
- 8 hooks from history's most feared pirates
- 3 colored feathers from Surly Sam, the most famouse pirate parrot
- Lextremely rare treasure-finder compass (broken)



The professor **RUMMUSED** through the volumes of old, dusty books until he finally found what he was looking for.

"Ah, here it is!" Dubloon cried. "According to the **Encyclopeoia of Pirate Journeys**, Blackwhiskers passed through the Mysterious Valley and was a guest at Squeakspeare Mansion."

Creepella nudged Billy. "You see? We came to the প্রাক্তি place!"

Dubloon kept reading. "Because he was somewhat of a gentlemouse, Blackwhiskers gave a GTTT to his hostess, the beautiful Lady Squeakspeare. It was a treasure from one of his pirate raids."

"D-d-does anyone know where it's h-h-hidden?" asked Billy hopefully.

The professor shook his head. "No, my dear writer. No ONE knows."

"So the only one who would know exactly where Blackwhiskers buried his treasure

would be . . . his ghost?"

Creepella asked.

"Unfortunately,

Blackwhiskers was the most FIRGETFUL pirate in history," Dubloon said. "Once he Buried his treasures, he immediately

forgot where he had put them!"

"Then it very well could have been his ghost who **DUG** all of those holes in the yard!" Creepella said, her voice growing louder with excitement. "What a great story! A mysterious **TRASUTE**, a **pirate**, and a **Ghost**, all in one! I'll write the greatest scoop of the century!"

Professor Dubloon frowned. "Well, if my

studies are correct, then Blackwhiskers can't be the digger," he said. "In fact, his ghost can only appear after the treasure is found. That's according to every legend I've ever read."

Billy was DISCOUR AGED. "Then there's no solution," he said with a sigh.

But Creepella wasn't disappointed. "Don't worry, **Billy-Willy**, we'll find the treasure," she promised. "Then the ghost of that famouse pirate will appear and I'll get my second."

All we need to do is figure out who is digging up your yard!"



Creepella DASHED out of the office without even saying good-bye to Professor Dubloon. Billy followed.

"Creep . . . Creepella, where are we going?" he asked.

"To see Professor Cleverpaws, of course!" she replied.

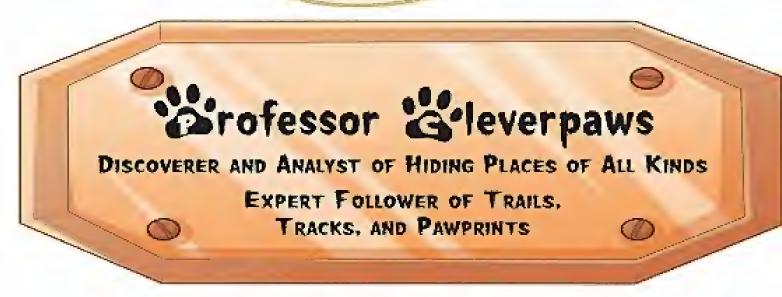
"Another p-p-pirate **expert**?" Billy asked.

Creepella shook her head. "No, we don't need another pirate expert right now," she said. "We need to pireover who dug those holes! They are the KEY to this mystery."

Creepella began to climb the MOLDY steps that led to the top of a tall turret. "Professor Cleverpaws is an expert on hiding places," she explained. "I want to show her a PHOTO of the holes. Maybe she can figure out who dug them."



When they reached the top of the steps, Billy read the **PLAQUE** on the door:



"I was her best student," Creepella revealed protectly before knocking on the door.

"Who's there?" asked a voice from inside. An instant later, an ATHLETIC-looking rodent opened the door. She wore a HUGE pair of binoculars around her neck.

"Creepella, is that you?" she asked. "My exceptional snooper student! Are you here to do some research? And is this your assistant?"

"Actually, I'm B-B-Billy Squeakspeare," Billy told her. "I'm a writer."

"Nice to meet you," said the professor. "Come in."

Creepella and Billy followed the professor into her study. The room was filled with binoculars, on and other instruments that could be used to search for places.

"We're looking for a **treasure**," Creepella explained. "But we're not the only ones looking for it. I believe a professional digger is after the treasure."

Creepella handed Shivereen's camera to the professor. Professor Cleverpaws zoomed in on a photo and **Randolf** it carefully.

"Hmm, you're right!" she said finally. "This is the work of a PROFESSIONAL—and I think I know who it is!"



Back at Squeakspeare Mansion, Kafka the cockroach was still grouning from his tummy ache. Shivereen felt sorry for the poor bug, so she decided to tell him a story.

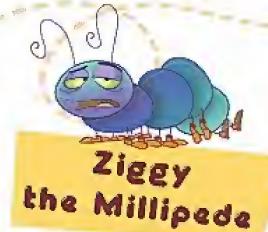
"Once upon a time, there was a big spider. It lived all by itself in the cemetery, inside the **TRUNK** of an old tree. . . ."

"They're wrapped up in the story," WHISPERED a voice from behind the bushes. "Let's go now!"

Then Tilly, Milly, and Lilly, the Rattenbaum triplets, tiptoed out from behind the bush. Something else FOLLOWED them, moving

very slowly. The leaves crackled under the creature's many feet.

"Ziggy, be quiet!" Tilly hissed at the creature—a large millipede, which followed the girls wherever they went.



The triplets hopped into their old, beat-up car. Ziggy slowly climbed into the backseat, and Milly **SPED** away. Soon the shadow of Rattenbaum Mansion loomed on the horizon. The formerly grand house looked like it was falling apart.

"I know it! He's here," said Tilly.

"I knew it! He's waiting!" added Milly.

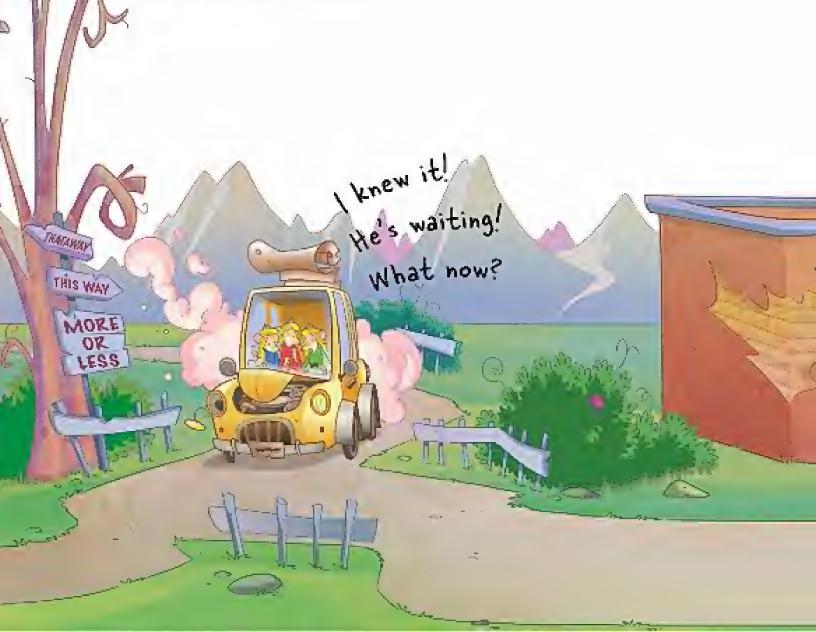
"I knew ill What now?" asked Lilly.

At the gate of the old building stood the odd shape of Shamley Rattenbaum, as still as a statue. He wore a TATTERED suit and



a collapsed top hat. When he saw the triplets, he opened his arms wide.

"My SOPHISTICATED, levely, enchanting granddaughters!" he cried. "What good news have you brought your grandfather today?"



The triplets slowly got out of the car, but none of the girls answered him.

"My dearest triplets, please tell me," Shamley said. "Mission accomplished?"



"Actually ...," began Tilly.

"... mission ...," continued Milly.

"... incomplete!" finished Lilly.

"WHAT DID YOU SAY?" Shamley roared furiously. "You DION'T FIND THE TREASURE?!?"

The triplets **HUDDLED** together.

"No treasure," said Tilly finally.

Milly chimed in. "In fact, we found . . ."

Tow didn't find the treasure?

"... only an empty can," finished Lilly.

"Unbelievable!" cried Shamley. "Ziggy is a professional digger. How could you have failed?"

Tilly, Milly, and Lilly defended themselves.

"We worked all right!"

"Maybe that story you heard is false!"

"Maybe the truth is that there is rescure!"

Shamley got angry. "What do you mean it's not true? A respectable GENTLEMOUSE at the Snob Society Rodents' Club told me the tale! He said that Morgan Blackwhiskers left a treasure there for Lady Squeakspeare."

"Then maybe someone else found it," Milly suggested.

"Impossible! We would have heard about it," Shamley pointed out. "Now go back to Squeakspeare Mansion and keep looking!"

The triplets tried to protest.

Their grandfather cut them short. "No excuses! Get moving, and don't come back with empty "Self"! We can't invite anyone over for a high-society feast unless we can make some . . . ahem . . . minor repairs to the mansion."



JOB: Official companion to the Rattenbaum triplets

ORIGINAL HOME: The Moccasin

Mountains

AGE: Old enough to buy shoes in adult sizes

NOTABLE QUIRKS: He has several thousand pairs of shoes.

FAVORITES: He enjoys designer footwear, but he'll buy shoes on sale if they're comfortable.

STYLES: In the summer, he wears clogs, sandals, and flip-flops. In the winter, he wears wool socks and ski boots. At home, he always wears slippers.

STRENGTHS: He is an excellent digger and he always finishes a job.

WEAKNESSES: He has a short attention span and tires easily.



Back at the academy, Professor Cleverpaws had identified the digger immediately: Ziggy the millipede, her ex-assistant. Ziggy had left the academy to work for the Rattenbaums.

"It looks like those **BRATTY** triplets are behind this mystery!" Creepella exclaimed as she and Billy walked back to the hearse. "Billy, let's go back to your mansion. We have to find the treasure before those three do. I want to be the first to see **blackwhiskers** appear!"

The Turborapid Sood roared into

Billy's driveway right as the Rattenbaums' old car pulled up, trailing big puffs of gray exhaust.

"Rats and bats!" Creepella said with a frown. "Those snobby pretenders are here already!"

The triples immediately circled Billy, showering him with fake compliments.

"Well, well," said Creepella, eyeing them carefully. "What brings you here?"

The three mice barely looked up.

"Ugh! The annoying one is here, too," said Tilly.

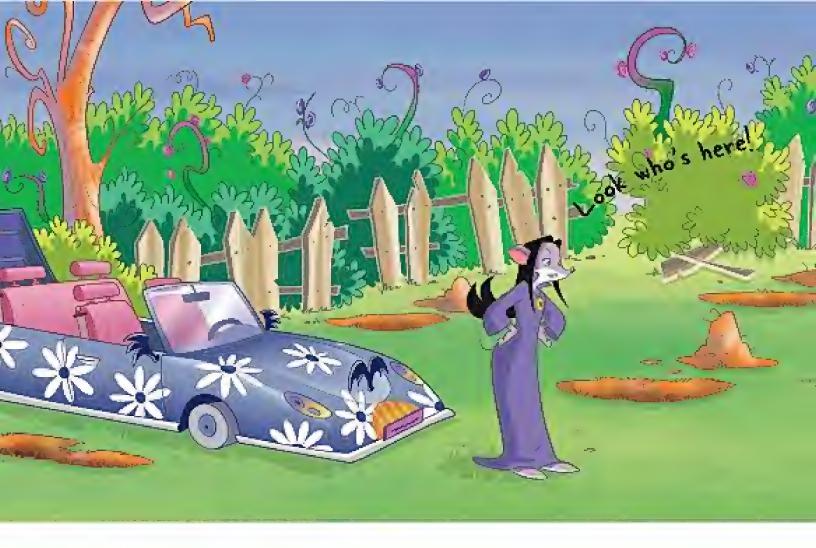
"So irritating!" added Milly.

"And creepy!" Lilly said.

"Of course I'm here," Creepella snapped.

"And I've got some news about a certain hole digger you know."

The triplets looked ALARMED.



"We don't know—"

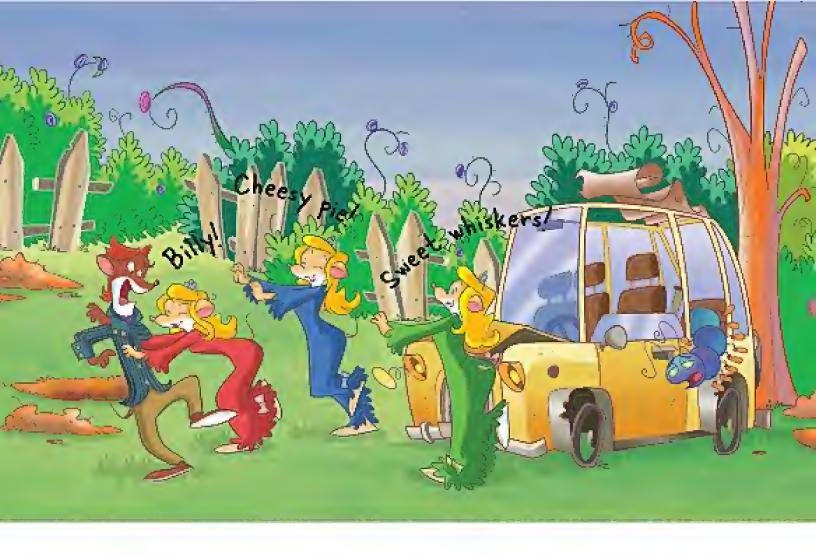
"-what-"

"-you're talking about!"

At that moment, Ziggy crawled out of their car, looking sleepier than ever.

"There he is!" Creepella cried, pointing to the millipede. "He dug all of the holes in Billy's yard!"

"Nonsense!" insisted Milly. "He's **Ziggy**, our pet millipede."



"He doesn't know anything about your 删⑥ LES!" Tilly blurted out.

"Besides, you don't have any proof!" declared Lilly.

"I'm **SURE** you three are behind this!" Creepella argued. "And now you've come back to dig some more! That's stealing, you know."

"Absolutely rot!" Tilly cried. "We're here to invite Billy—"

"—to be our late—" continued Milly.

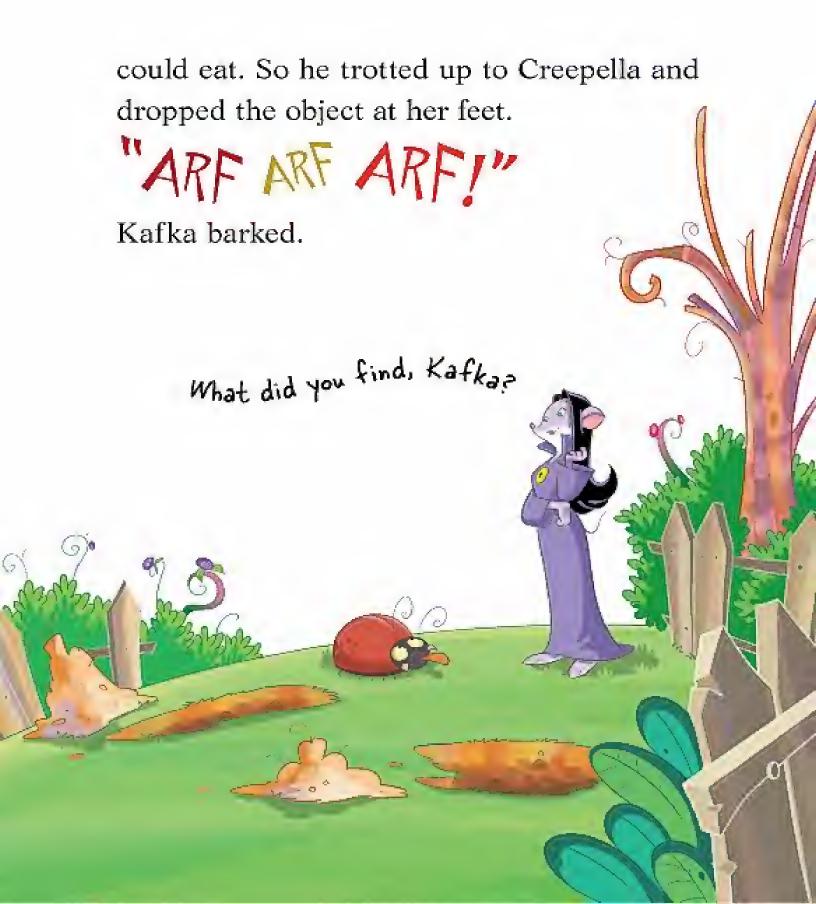
"—to the Melancholy Grand Ball!" finished Lilly.

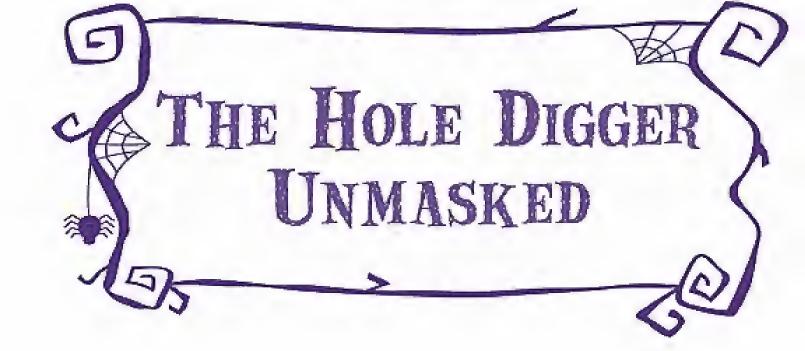
Creepella got angry again. "Back off! Everybody knows that Billy is escorting **ME** to the ball!"

Shivereen ran up before an argument could begin. "There you are, Auntie. Kafka is much better. Look!"

The von Cacklefur Cock Posch was trotting all over the yard, happy to be feeling better. He was having fun capting the holes, and his tummy didn't hurt anymore. In fact, he was hungry. He sniffed around for something to MUNCH on.

Kafka came out of a hole with something in his mouth—but it wasn't something he





The object that Kafka placed at Creepella's feet was not a TWIG. She picked it up and examined it.

"Rats and bats!" she exclaimed. "This is a

"What would a shoe be doing in my yard?" asked Billy.

The triplets exchanged nervous glances and quickly walked **GRAWXJAB**.

Creepella picked up Kafka. "Where did you find it, little one?" she asked him.

Kafka pointed one of his antennae at the deepest hole in the yard.

"ARF ARF ARF!"

Bitewing translated for Billy, who was the only one who didn't understand Arfese, Kafka's language.

"He found it in that hole down there," the bat said.

Creepella placed Kafka back on the ground and examined the shoe with the eye of a detective. She brushed the dirt off it to reveal a number on the sole: **822**.

Creepella approached the millipede. Ziggy was as pale as a ghost and trembling like a dry leaf.

"Zigi zigizi zig zig?" Creepella asked in millipede language. "Ligi, zigi, zig. Zigzig," mumbled Ziggy.

Creepella gave him a kind smile. "Ziggi!"

Billy was AMAZED. "Creepella, you understand him?"

"Of course!" she replied. "Everybody knows Millipedese. And look here. . . ."

Creepella gently turned Ziggy onto his ERCK and began to count the numbers on the soles of his little shoes.

"Eight hundred twenty . . . eight hundred twenty-one . . . Look here, what a coincidence! His missing shoe is number eight hundred twenty-two!" she exclaimed, pointing to one tiny bare foot.

Meanwhile, the triplets were trying to make a hasty RETREAT to their car.

Shivereen noticed their attempted escape.



"Look, Auntie, the Rattenbaums are getting away!" she cried.

"Stop right there!" Creepella shouted.

"This shoe is proof that your millipede dug all of these holes. Poor thing! He told me that you promised you'd increase his food to a full loaf of MOLDY bread a day. Tell me, what were you looking for? Perhaps . . . a treasure?"

"How dare you!" protested Milly.

"Ziggy must have done it all on his own," said Tilly.

"We don't know anything about pirate loot," added Lilly.

Creepella crossed her arms and **smiled** slyly. "Why did you use the word **pirate**?" she asked. "I didn't say anything about pirates!"







The three mice turned as PALS as mozzarella. They picked up Ziggy and shoved him into the backseat of the car.

"Let's get away from this riffraff!"

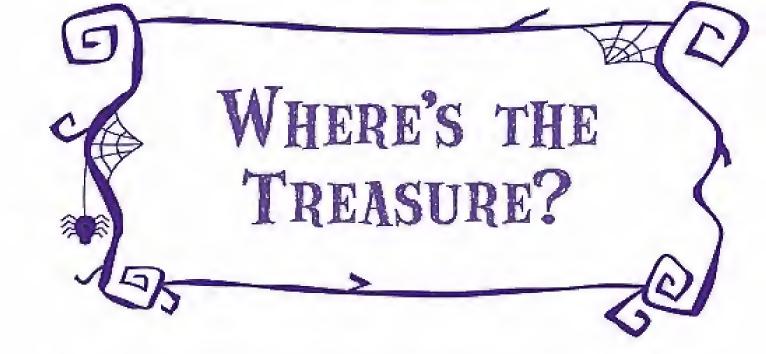
"Accusing us of digging holes!"

"We have better things to do!"

"How do you think Grandfather will take it?" asked Tilly as she climbed into the car.

"This means there will be no feast before tonight's **MILANGE CRAND BALL**," added Lilly.

"And no one will want to escort us to the **CRAND BALL**, either," sighed Milly.



The Rattenbaums' car **STALLED** and sputtered. Shivereen had time to talk to Ziggy through the window.

"Here, take this!" she whispered, handing him a small pool of the end of the

"Zigziggi!" gurgled Ziggy gratefully. Then he licked Shivereen's nose.

"Those three are so dishonest," said Creepella as the car drove off, shooting out putts of smoke. "At least they won't be able to find the treasure!"



Bitewing flew around her head. "By the way . . . where's the treasure? Where's the treasure?"

Creepella thoughtfully **twirled** a strand of her long black hair around her finger. She began walking around the garden, talking out loud.

"Maybe they were looking in the **WRONG** place," she mused. "But **Blackwhiskers** always buried his treasures, right?"

Shivereen and Billy nodded.

"Then the YARD must be where the treasure is hidden," Creepella reasoned. "Maybe the holes weren't deep enough."

Billy moved to follow her, but he tripped in a MOLE. He fell into a big old fountain



hidden by a prickly thornbush, landing in the MURKY water.



"Oh, Billy, you can be so CLUMSY sometimes!" Creepella scolded him.

"Silly Billy!" Bitewing teased.

Billy climbed out of the fountain, dripping wet. "Actually, there's s-s-something—"

"QUILT, please, Billy," Creepella said. "I'm trying to think!"

"B-b-b-but I see s-s-s-something under—"
Billy stammered.

Shivereen interrupted him this time. She pointed to the top of his head.

"What's that on your head? A frog?"

"A frog . . . with a gold colin in its mouth!" Creepella announced, shocked. She



carefully climbed into the fountain and felt along the **BOTTOM** with her paw.

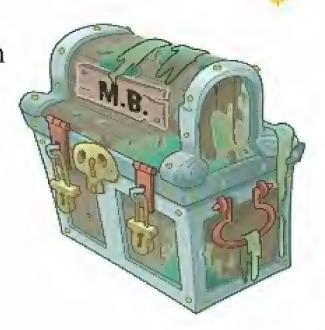
"Just as I thought!" she cried. "There's something **Peculiar** under here!"

"Th-th-that's exactly what I've been trying to t-t-tell you," Billy said, but Creepella wasn't listening. With a sigh, Billy reached into the fountain and pulled up a heavy old treasure chest made of MEDAD.

"I was right!" Creepella cried.

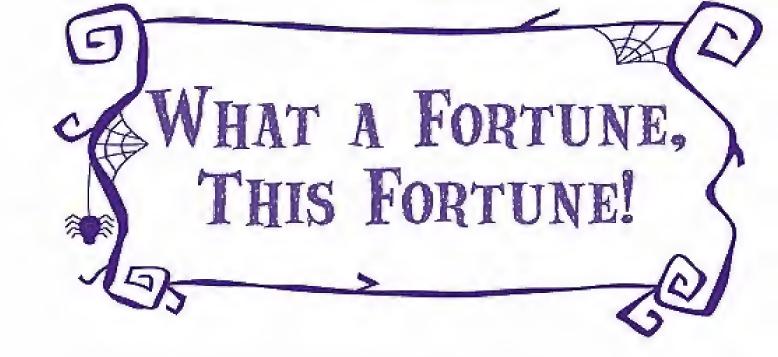
"The treasured The treasure of anorgan Blackwhiskers!"

"Stop talking and open it up!" Bitewing urged impatiently.









"Yes, please open it!" Shivereen said eagerly.

Creepella forced open the REFET old lock. The lid creaked as she lifted it up.

"Rats and bats!" she cried. "There's a fortune inside!"

Gold coins overflowed from the chest. Each one was stamped with the image of a gentlemouse wearing a Will and company.

"Who's the dude on the coin?" asked Shivereen.

"King Mousard the Fourth," answered Creepella. "He ruled Mysterious Valley four hundred years ago."



Bitewing took one of the coins and bit it. "OUCH! There's no doubt. It's made of Wonderful gold!"

Creepella pulled a yellowed sheet of paper out of the chest. She read it out loud.

I gathered this bounty of coins
during my many pirate adventures.
I would like to give all of it to the
lovely, delicate, and adorable
Lady Squeakspeare as a token of thanks.
She gladdened the later years of my life
with her precious friendship.

Morgan Blackwhiskers

"Llow been nutici" di

"How ROMANTIC!" sighed Shivereen, drying a tear.

"There's something else written, but it's hard to read," Creepella said, frowning. She wrinkled her nose and continued.

I forgot! Old age has dimmed my memory. I can never remember where I hide my things!

If Lady Squeakspeare doesn't find this chest, the treasure will be inherited by her grandchildren.

Or her great-grandchildren. Or her great-great-grandchildren. Or whomever finds it—as long as that mouse bears the Squeakspeare name!

"Did you hear, Billy?" Shivereen asked, her voice rising with **cifemenf. "The treasure is **yours**!"

"I c-c-can't believe it!" Billy stammered, turning red.

"Of course, all of these coins were STOLEN by blackwhiskers all those years ago," Creepella pointed out. "And since there is no way to return them, you'll simply have to give the money away."

"B-b-but . . . ," Billy protested.

"I suggest that you set up a scholarship for young deserving rodents at the Shivery Arts Academy," she said, ignoring him.

Billy sighed. He knew in his heart that Creepella was right.

"You could also put up a STATUE of Morgan Blackwhiskers in Gloomeria



Square," Creepella went on. "I think Lady Squeakspeare would have liked that."

"It's a great idea," Billy said reluctantly.

Bitewing flew around the chest, curious.

"Do any of you smell something Peculiar?"

Creepella sniffed the air. "You're right!" she agreed. "That box has a heavenly smell. Maybe there's something underneath the coins."

Old worm

She plunged her paw into the coins and took out a **Supply District** covered in green mold. The smell was so strong that Billy **fainted** on the spot.

But Creepella adored the odor. "It's cheese aged to perfection. I'd say it's aged for at least four hundred years!"

"Look how BEAUTIFULLY MOLDY it is!" Shivereen exclaimed.

Billy woke up feeling wobbly and queasy. "I'd say it's **MONSTEROUSLY MOLDY!**" he said.

Then a little worm popped out of the

CHEESE. He looked very old, and he had a long beard and glasses.

"What's that?" whimpered Billy nervously.

"It's an OLD WORM, of course!" Creepella

answered. "Hmm. I wonder if this cheese is just what Chef Stewrat needs."

"Hooray!" cheered Shivereen. "It's the extra-special ingredient for his SPECIAL MELANCHOLY STEW!"

"B-b-but do you really think that eating cheese that's f-f-four hundred years old is a good idea?" stuttered Billy, holding his nose closed.

"Of course!" Creepella replied. "Let's bring it to him promio!"







exclaimed Chef Stewrat after he tasted a crumb of the moldy antique cheese. The disgusting stench of the cheese soon spread through the castle, making the residents FEROCIOUSLY hungry.

"Hold up, Chompers!" warned Creepella

as the meat-eating plant dove

into the **BUBBLING** stew with a spoon. "That stew is for tonight's feast!"

That night, everyone in Cacklefur Castle got ready for dinner.

The ancient building had never looked so **GLOOMY**. Grandmother Crypt had covered the furniture with shimmering cobwebs, giving the room a beautiful **Ghostly** look.

Before sitting down to the feast, Boris von Cacklefur read his poem, "Dark and Dreary Tombs."

Dark and Dreary Tombs by Boris von Cacklefur, famouse poet

Oh, dark and dreary tombs,
Stinky is your smell.
Any mouse who enters
Will not long there dwell.
Dusty and dreary,
And yet so delightful,
Damp, dank, and dark,
Full of horrors so frightful!
Oh, dark and dreary tombs,
Resting place of mice,
No place on Earth
Is so dreadfully nice!

"What a genius!" "What a genius!"

Everyone praised Boris's poem. Then they all dug in to Chef Stewrat's SPECIAL MELANCHOLY STEW.

But when Billy had his first bite, he immediately turned green and started to feel sick and QUEASU.

"Excuse me, please," he said, standing up. "I really don't feel well at all."

"Don't be modest, Billy. You look green!" Creepella exclaimed. "That green will match your costume perfectly. Now let's get ready for the ball!"

Billy and Creepella changed into their costumes. They looked **CHASTLY**.

"You two look fabumousely FRIGHTENING," declared Shivereen.





Billy was having a hard time moving around in his CARBACEE CAN costume. He TRIPED three times trying to jump inside the Transport Source.

"Billy, you look **fairtastic** as a garbage can!" Creepella said as she took off at top speed.

The entrance to the Shivery Arts Academy was draped with purple funeral lights and flickering lamps.

"What a **DELIGHTFULLY DREARY** party!" Creepella whispered dreamily.

The courtyard was overflowing with **costumed** rodents. They were dressed as mummies, vampires, witches, ghosts, ghouls, various monsters—and one garbage can.

The Rattenbaum triplets were there, too. They tried to look glamorous, but instead, they looked com; col. Milly's dress was too long, Tilly's was too short, and Lilly's was too large. Pesky little spiders dangled from their wigs, tickling their snouts. Ziggy, the millipede, came with them, and he wore a tap shoe on each of his one thousand tiny little feet!

"What a heavenly sight!"

cooed Creepella.

Poor Billy didn't agree. The guests kept dumping their garbage into his costume. The can got so **HEAVS** that he couldn't move!

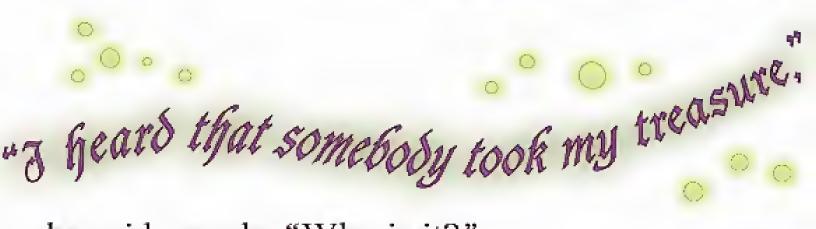




He sat on a bench and watched Creepella dance with Ziggy. Finally, Creepella came back to him.

"It's an **unforgettable** party," she sighed. Then she frowned. "There's only one thing missing: the visit of a nice of the I could interview. I wonder what Blackwhiskers is waiting for. We've found the treasure. Isn't he supposed to appear?"

Suddenly, a cold wind whipped around Creepella and Billy. Then a ghost with a long black MUSTACHE and a black BEARD appeared in front of them. It was Slackwhiskers.



he said crossly. "Who is it?"

Creepella clapped her paws with happiness. "Mr. Blackwhiskers! It was my Billy who found your treasure. Right, Billy?"

But poor Billy had fainte. He was sprawled on the ground, surrounded by all the fainte.

"Billy, why do you always faint just when things get EXCITING?" Creepella asked, shaking her head. Then she turned to the place ghost. "That's Billy Squeakspeare. He is related to your FRICID Lady Squeakspeare."

"A Squeakspeare?" exclaimed the ghost, remembering everything. "Then my treasure is in good paws!"



"Of course!" declared Creepella. "Now, can we go somewhere a little more quiet, Mr. Blackwhiskers? I'd like to have a nice interview with you!"

THE END



ANOTHER BESTSELLER

Once again, Creepella's new book got rave reviews.

Fans from all over sent **III III**, text messages, and e-mails, and made phone calls to *The Rodent's Gazette*, asking for another story right away.

Can you believe the book's biggest was my grandfather William Shortpaws? One mornin g he works into my office, thundering, "Don't be such a lazybones, Grandson! What are you waiting for? When will you publish Creepella von Cacklefur's next ook? She is the most awesome novelist in all of Mysterious Valley."





"I don't have a clue," I told him. "I never know when my friend will drop a book on my desk."

But my grandfather kept asking me when the next book would come out. He called me five times a day! And when Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy visited me in my office, they seemed **DISAPPOINTED** that I didn't have a new **CREEPELLA** story for them. Even the little mouselets who came to buy Creepella's books asked the same question. I finally decided to send my friend this **MESSAGE**:

Write, Creepella! Write, write, write! We're all waiting for your new bestseller!

Gevonimo Stilton,

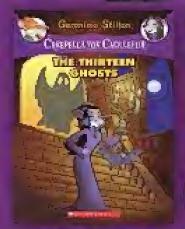
Editor of The Rodent's Gazette



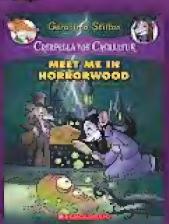
Meet CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

I, Geronimo Stilton, have a lot of mouse friends, but none as spooky as my friend CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR! She is an enchanting and MYSTERIOUS mouse with a pet bat named Bitewing. YIKES I'm a real 'fraidy mouse, but even I think CREEPELLA and her family are AMPULLY fascinating. I can't wait for you to read all about CREEPELLA in these fa-mouse-ly funny and spectacularly spooky tales!

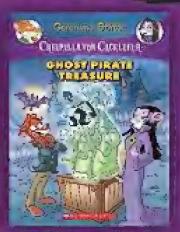




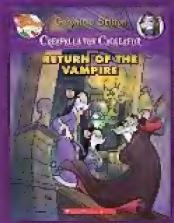
#1 The Thirteen Ghosts



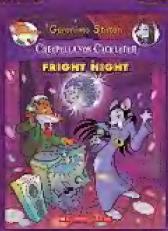
#2 Meet Me in Horrorwood



#3 Ghost Pirate
Treasure



#4 Return of the Vampire



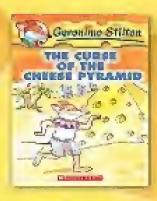
#5 Fright Night

Don't miss any of my fabumouse adventures!

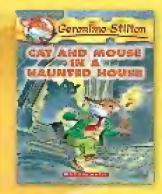


Caronimo Stifton
LOST TREASURE
FOR THE
EMERALD EYE

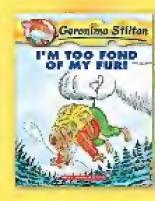
#1 Lost Treasure of the Emerald Eye



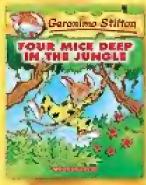
#2 The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid



#3 Cat and Mouse in a Haunted House



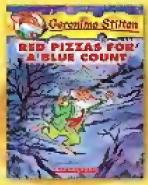
#4 I'm Too Fond of My Fur!



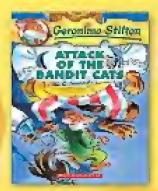
#5 Four Mice Deep in the Jungle



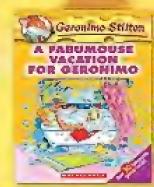
#6 Paws Off, Cheddarface!



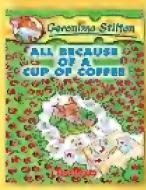
#7 Red Pizzas for a Blue Count



#8 Attack of the Bandit Cats



#9 A Fabumouse Vacation for Geronimo



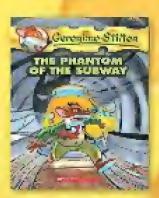
#10 All Because of a Cup of Coffee



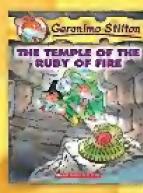
#11 It's Halloween, You 'Fraidy Mouse!



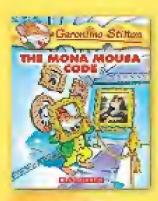
#12 Merry Christmas, Geranimo!



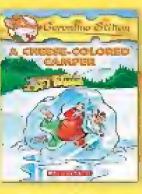
#13 The Phantom of the Subway



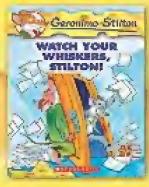
#14 The Temple of the Ruby of Fire



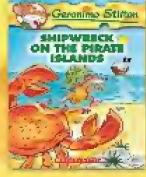
#15 The Mona Mousa Code



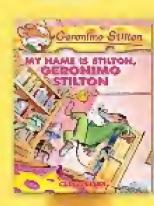
#16 A Cheese-Colored Camper



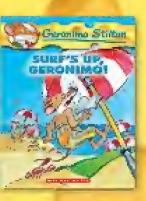
#17 Watch Your Whiskers, Stilton!



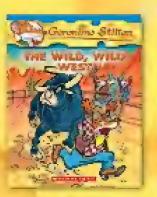
#18 Shipwreck on the Pirate Islands



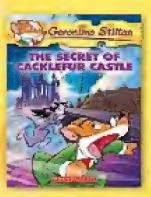
#19 My Name Is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton



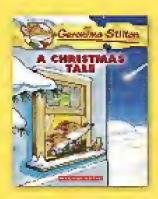
#20 Surf's Up, Geronimo!



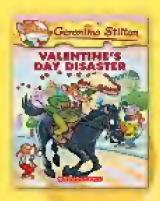
#21 The Wild, Wild West



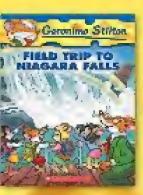
#22 The Secret of Cacklefur Castle



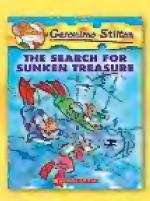
A Christmas Tale



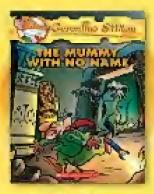
#23 Valentine's Day Disaster



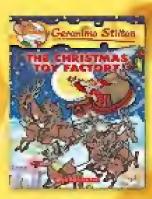
#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls



#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure



#26 The Mummy with No Name



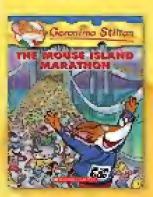
#27 The Christmas Toy Factory



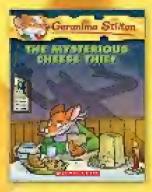
#28 Wedding Crasher



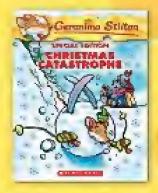
#29 Down and Out Down Under



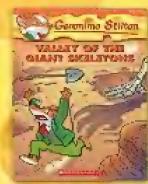
#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



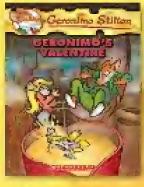
#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery



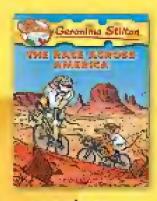
#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



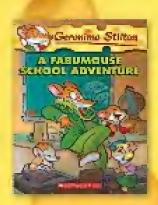
#35 A Very Merry Christmas



#36 Geronimo's Valentine



#37 The Race Across America



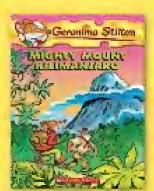
#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



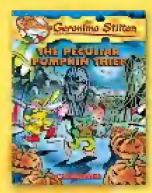
#39 Singing Sensation



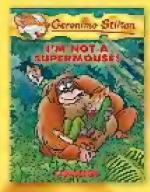
#40 The Karate Mouse



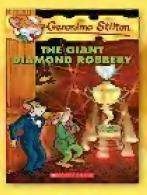
#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



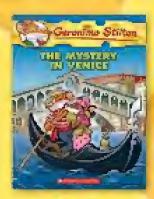
#45 Save the White Whale!



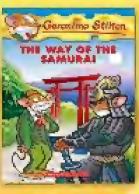
#46 The Haunted
Castle



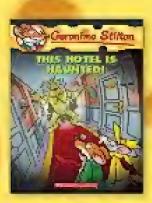
#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



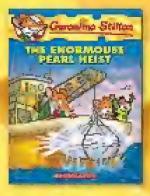
#48 The Mystery in Venice



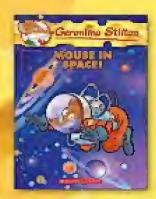
#49 The Way of the Samurai



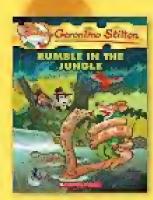
#50 This Hotel Is Haunted



#51 The Enormouse Pearl Heist



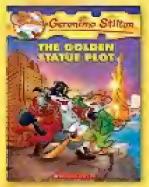
#52 Mouse in Space!



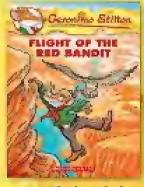
#53 Rumble in the Jungle



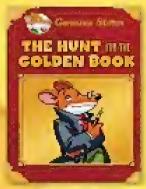
#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



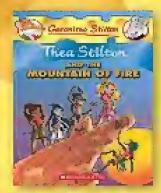
Special Edition: The Hunt for the Golden Book



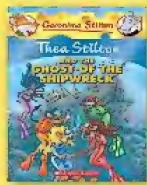
Check out these exciting Thea Sisters adventures!



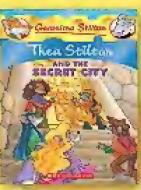
Thea Stilton and the Dragon's Code



Thea Stilton and the Mountain of Fire



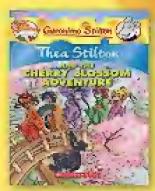
Thea Stilton and the Ghost of the Shipwreck



Thea Stilton and the Secret City



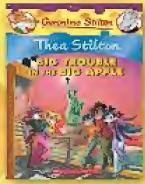
Thea Stilton and the Mystery in Paris



Thea Stillion and the Cherry Blossom Adventure



Thea Stilton and the Star Castaways



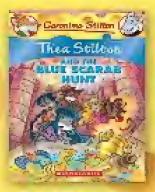
Thea Stilton: Big Trouble in the Big Apple



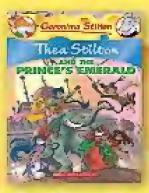
Thea Stilton and the



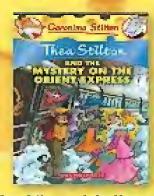
Thea Stillen and the Secret of the Old Castle



Theo Stilton and the Blue Scarab Hunt



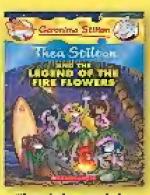
Thea Stilton and the Prince's Emerald



Thea Stilton and the Mystery on the Orient Express



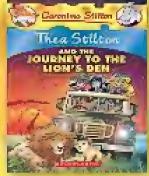
Thea Stilton and the Dancing Shadows



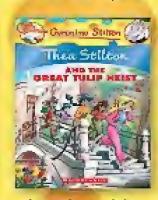
Thea Stilton and the Legend of the Fire Flowers



Thea Stilton and the Spanish Dance Mission



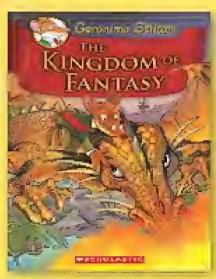
Thea Stilton and the Journey to the Lion's Den



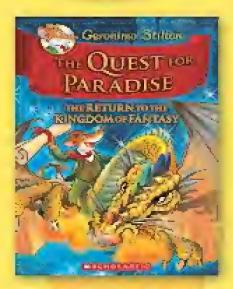
Thea Stilton and the Great Tulip Heist



Be sure
to read all
my adventures
in the Kingdom
of Fantasy!



THE KINGDOM OF FANTASY

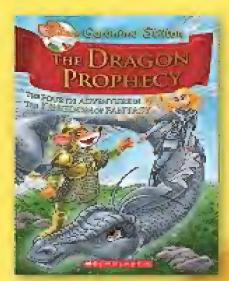


THE QUEST FOR PARADISE:
THE RETURN TO THE KINGDOM OF FANTASY

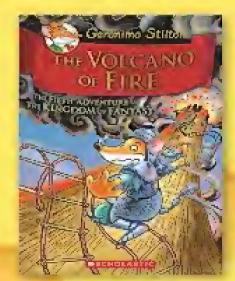


THE AMAZING
VOYAGE:
THE THIRD ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM

OF FANTASY



THE DRAGON
PROPHECY:
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY

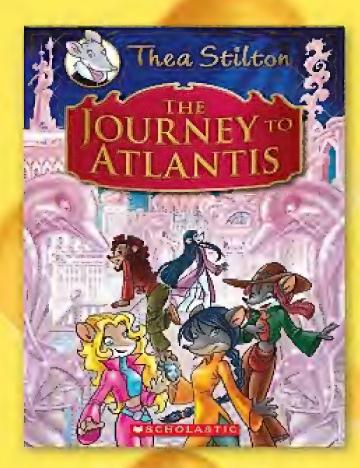


OF FIRE: THE FIFTH ADVENTURE IN THE KINGDOM OF FANTASY

THE VOLCANO



Check out
these very
special editions
featuring me
and the Thea
Sisters!



THE JOURNEY TO ATLANTIS



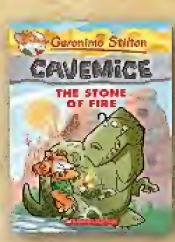
THE SECRET OF THE FAIRIES



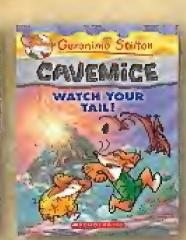
Meet Geronimo Stiltonoot

He is a cavemouse—Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!

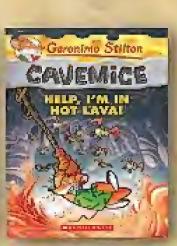




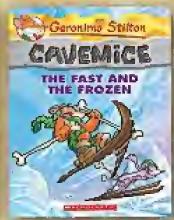
#1 The Stone of Fire



#2 Watch Your Tail!



#3 Help, I'm in Hot Lava!



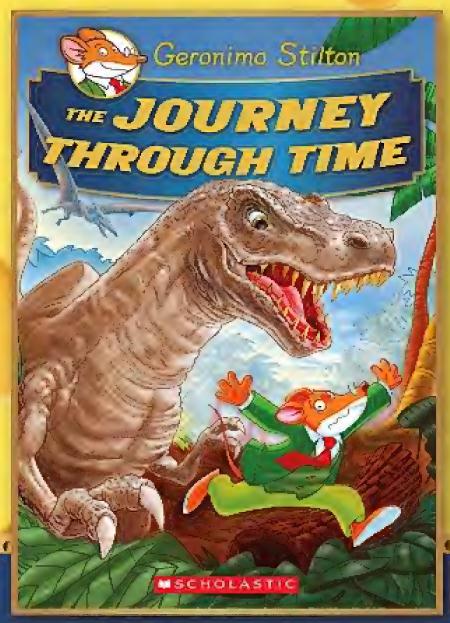
#4 The Fast and the Frozen







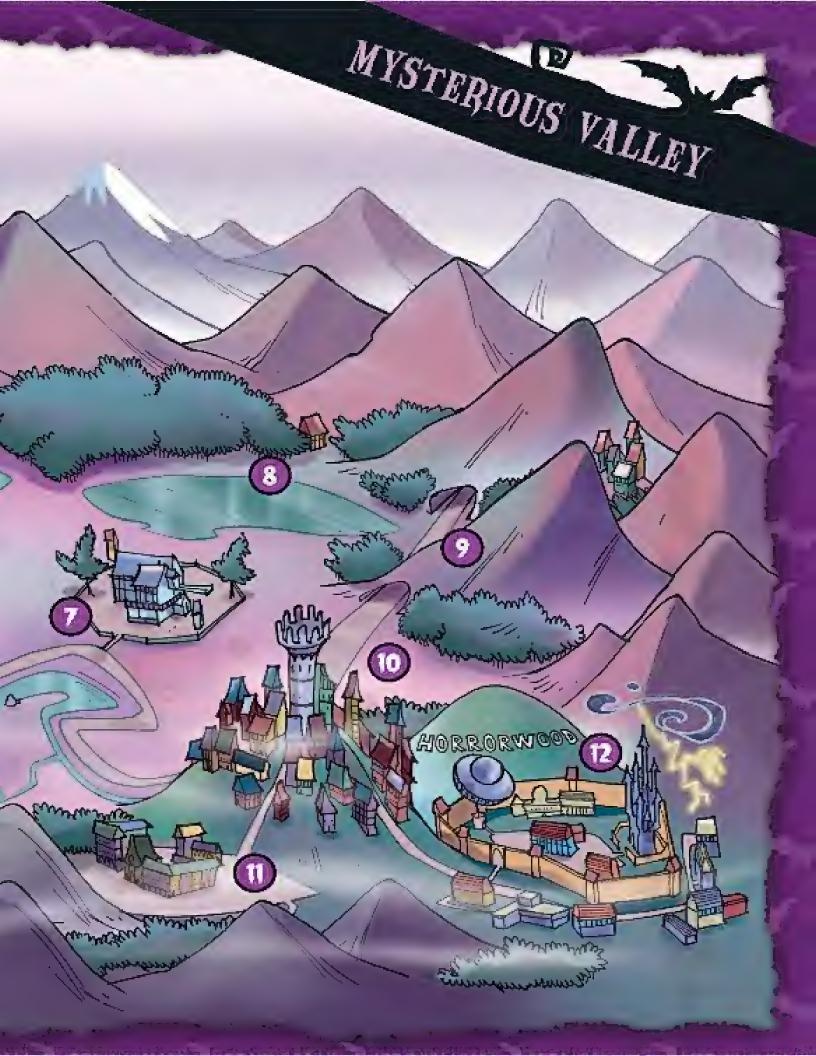
Join me and my friends on a journey through time in this very special edition!



THROUGH TIME

THE JOURNEY







CACKLEFUR CASTLE

- 1. Oozing moat
- 2. Drawbridge
- 3. Grand entrance
- 4. Moldy basement
- 5. Patio, with a view of the moat
- 6. Dusty library
- 7. Room for unwanted guests
- 8. Mummy room
- 9. Watchtower
- 10. Creaking staircase
- 11. Banquet room

- 12. Garage (for antique hearses)
- 13. Bewitched tower
- 14. Garden of carnivorous plants
- 15. Stinky kitchen
- 16. Crocodile pool and piranha tank
- 17. Creepella's room
- 18. Tower of musky tarantulas
- 19. Bitewing's tower (with antique contraptions)





Meet CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

Creepella is an enchanting and mysterious mouse with a pet bat named Bitewing.

By night Creepella is a special-effects designer and director of scary films, and by day she's studying to become a journalist!

GHOST PIRATE TREASURE

Oh. no! Billy Squeakspeare has a big problem, and he needs Creepella's help. Someone's been digging holes around Squeakspeare Mansion at night, and Billy wants to find out who it is. The dangerous, legendary pirate Morgan Blackwhisker is said to have buried his long-lost treasure near Squeakspeare Mansion years ago — could his ghost be hunting for his hidden riches? It's up to Billy and Creepella to find the treasure first!

